Treasons.

A Briefe Summe of

The Treason intended against the King & State, when they should haue been assembled in Parliament. *Nouember.* 5. 1605. *Fit for to instruct the simple and ignorant heerein: that they be not seduced any longer by Papists.*

With a few other Meeters: viz.,

Jo Robinson.

A Song for Traytors to make vse of now and hereafter, wherof the first three verses was made in an other foote, *by one of* Babingtons *Conspiracy at* his death.

And certaine Songs in prayse of the Kings *Maiesty, with Prayers for him, and the prosperous estate of all his Kingdomes.*

By *I.R. Minister.*

The blood-thirsty and deceitfull man shall not liue out halfe his dayes. *Psal.* 55. 35.

I labour for peace, but when I speake vnto them thereof, they make them ready to battayle Psal. 126. 6

LONDON

Printed by E. A. *for* Edward White, *and are to be* solde at his Shop neere the little North doore of Saint Paules Church at the Signe of the Gunne. 1606.

A briefe ſome of the Treaſon intended againſt the King and State, when they ſhould haue beene aſſembled in Parliament. *Nouemb.*5.1605. with certaine other *Engliſh Meeters, which may bee called:* A dying repentance, *or* A mournefull Song for Traytors to make vſe of now *begun by one of* Babingtons *company.*

HEare the verſe which dooth rehearſe,
briefly this
Traytors plotforme, which ſhould reforme
thinges amiſſe.
Firſt in *England*, then in *Scotland*,
with ſuch praiſe
As ſhould make them famous State-men,
all their dayes.
Pouder Barrels muſt end quarrels,
for vs all:
King and Subiect, Lord and abiect,
great and ſmall.
Bands of *P P P* of all degrees,
haue tought ſtill:
Engliſh *Brittaines* vtter ruine
by their skill.

Popes, Prieſtes & Papiſts.

But ſince *Adam*, none could fadom,
plots like this:
Which Nouember, may remember,
to our bliſſe.
Some good men ſay, that beyond Sea,
this began:
Fawkes and *Winter*, firſt did venter,
to goe on.
Theſe came ouer, and woon other,
to this action:
Piercy, *Catesby*, *Wrights* and *Digby*,
12. in faction.
Thus did *Thewdas*, *Caine* and *Iudas*,
vow and ſweare:
Take their Sacrament, and all to
worke this geare.
Prince of darkenes, and hels blacknes,
was their leader:
Piercy Papiſt, masked *Atheiſt*,
banners ſpreader.
Iuggling *Ieſuites*, with their falſe ſleights,
many a one:
Like lewde Strumpets, and lowde Trumpets,
ſets them on.
Thus reſoluing, and reuoluing,
of their plot:
God and duety, to their Country,
was forgot.
Some reſorted, and reported,
to the crew:
Of this wonder, and great thunder,
to enſue.

With many others afterwards.
Gen. 4.
Nat. 26.
Act. 5.

Some

Some were *Pyners*, vnder-mynors,
by conſent:
Of the vpper houſe and Romes, of
Parliament.
Some hirde Vault roome, and brought in ſoone,
Coales and Wood:
To lay ouer, all the powder,
as it ſtood.
Traynes were all ſpread, and Pipes of Lead,
laide with match:
Barres and Wedges, Stones and Sledges,
to diſpatch.
Traytor *Standly*, muſt leade manly,
Rebelles Stout:
Owin wycly, muſt bring ſlyly,
this about.
Proclamation, for a facion,
they had printed:
That *Puritane*, the State had ſlayne,
and Gods annoynted.
This groſe ſlaunder, as commaunder,
from the Deuill:
Should haue paſſed, and defaced,
good for euill.
But I wiſh ſtill, euen with good will,
Papiſts were:
So conuerted, and true hearted,
as theſe are.
Then no queſtion, but Religion,
ſtill ſhould flouriſh:
And no pertill, ſtrife or quarrell,
we ſhould nouriſh.

But theſe killed, and Streetes filled,
with their bloud:
Proteſtants by *Papiſts* vants,
ſhould doe ſmall good.
Our Kings Daughter ſhortly after,
ſhe ſhould raigne:
And ſo quiet all this ryot
ſoone againe.
But how long, without all wrong,
this young Queene,
Should be ſuffered and not ſmothered,
is not ſeene.
Then beleeue them, you that ſhrieue them
for not I:
Will giue credit to this edict,
haſtely.
For, will Wolfe keepe, Lambe of that Sheepe,
he hath eate:
And not rather, ſoone deuoure it,
As his meate?
Theſe belooued, this is prooued,
euery day:
Where the *Papiſt*, or the *Atheiſt*
doe keepe ſway.
Gods moſte ſweete word ſhould not be ſtird,
yet awhile:
Till to *Proteſtants*, and all, they
might giue foile.
Oft returning, and reiourning,
Parliament:
Neuer moou'd them, as he hou'd them,
to repent.

They

They were careleſſe bould and feareleſſe,
in the act:
Popes great Pardon was their Garden,
for this fact.
But theſe Zimries, that would ſurpriſe,
and ſpoile all:
God forſakes them, and betakes them,
to their fall.
For when each thing, had ſetling,
and day came:
God bewrayed them, & diſmayd them.
to their ſhame.
By a Letter, and no better
without doubt:
To preſerue one from this plotforme,
all came out.
King and Counſell, noted this well,
and did ſend:
Twice to ſearch out, thinges then in doubt
and their end.
Fawkes at midnight, and by torch light,
there was found:
With long matches and deuiſes,
vnder ground.
Hauing found him, there they bound him,
and then ſought:
For the Powder and prouiſion
in the vault.
This perceiued, *Fawkes* bereued,
of his ſence.
Said the Deuill, did that euill,
for our defence.

Yea

Yea this dreamer, and blaſphemer,
Sathans Sonne:
Oft relented, and repented,
deede not done.
To the Court then, goe theſe glad men,
to declare:
All and each thing, to our good King,
they found there.
This laid open, baud was broken,
of this traine.
And their gladneſſe, turn'd to madneſſe,
in the braine.
Some roade North-ward, ſome North-we-ſtward
there to ſhowe:
That their treachery, and their butchery,
State did knowe.
Then like Wilde-men, and moſt vilde-men,
in ſtraunge faſhion:
They got Armor, Shot and Powder,
for commotion.
Horſe in Stable, ſtrong and able,
they ſtole out:
Thus the compn'y, roade the country,
all about.
In the meane time, thus their foule cryme,
was proclaymed:
And ſo *Papiſts*, with vilde *Atheiſts*,
made aſhamed.
Thus confounded, ſome were wounded,
as they fled:
Some are taken, all forſaken,
ſome are dead.

Musket

Musket-Bullet, leaden pellet,
made them ſtand:
Powder drying, mar'd their flying,
out of hand.
Houſe end blowne out, ſome eyes burnt out,
they could ſay:
God offended, was reuenged,
there that day.
And thus ſpoyled, they were foyled,
in that place:
Doores ſet open, as a token,
of ſome grace.
Then to priſon, as good reaſon,
did require:
Sheriffe conuaide them, and ſo payd them,
part of hire.
And in good time, they for this crime,
were ſent vp:
To the counſell, for to drinke well,
of one cup.
Heads of *Catesby*, and of *Piercy*,
they were ſent:
And ſette vpon, the vpper houſe,
of Parlyament.
Bravely plodding, yea and nodding,
each to other.
Thanking Pope, for Axe and Rope, for
them and other:
Such a downefall, to the Papall,
none aliue:
But theſe Traytors, and their wayters,
could contriue.

This foule faction, and vilde action,
will conuince:
Pope and *Popelings*, *Fryers* and *Shauelings*,
long time hence.
Babes vnborne, will hate and ſcorne,
ſuch as theſe:
Papiſts Oiſpring, will for this thing,
finde ſmall eaſe.
God our keeper, is no ſleeper,
this is knowne:
But attend vs, and defend vs,
as his owne.
Diueliſh Treaſon, hath no reaſon,
night or day:
Proud ambition, makes ſedition,
euery way.
Their aſpiring, and their fyring,
comes from hell:
The vnkindenes, growes of blindenes,
moſt can tell.
Banckrout fellowes, blow the bellowes
to Commotion:
And their backeſide, muſt be couered,
with deuotion.
Romes Religion, pretty Pigion,
of the Pope:
Some would bring in, by this foule ſinne,
to haue ſcope.
And the Goſpell, which dooth expell,
all their droſſe:
With our Preachers, and profeſſors,
they would croſſe.

Theſe vilde rangers, would bring Strangers,
heere to raigne:
Or in all things, make themſelues Kings,
by their gaine.
This performed, men well armed,
then ſhould riſe:
And cry kill, kill, all ſortes ſtill, ſtill,
in ſtrange wiſe.
Then to ryfling, without tryfling,
theſe would ronne:
Yea to ſpoyling, and defiling,
this kingdome.
Thus were theſe bent, with full intent,
treacherouſly:
To blow vp all, & make much thraule,
ſoddenly.
Popiſh preeſthoode, neuer yet good,
prate and pray:
That their Popery, and their ſopery,
might beare ſway.
But their praying, for betraying,
King and State:
God and Angells, Saints and Virgins,
ſtill dooth hate.
All late Queenes time, this their foule crime,
God put by:
And ſtill ſaued, his anoynted,
wonderouſly.
Yet they ſeeke ſtill, moe Kings to kill,
which doth growe:
By their writing, and inditing,
which teach ſo.

In Petitions, great ſubmiſsions,
they doe offer:
And to facion, tolleration,
much they proffer.
But denyed, this is ſpied,
ſworde and fire,
Bloud and Murther, they will further,
and require.
Thus their knotting, and their plotting,
God dooth know:
And this vilde route, he ſtill brings out,
to their woe.
Reade each ſtory, to Gods glory,
of theſe thinges:
Engliſh writings, haue indightings,
for our Kinges.
In the meane time, let our hearts clime,
to the skye:
With all due prayſe, to God alwaies,
for ſafety:
And our truſt is, that true iuſtice,
ſhall take place:
On offenders, and abetters,
in this caſe.
All our care then, is that good men,
we may proone:
Serving God ſtill, dooing his will,
liue in Loue.
Preach now and pray, teach youth I ſay,
ſtill to knowe:
How our good Lord, by his pure word,
keepes from woe.

Eightyeight yere, wee in Gods feare,
may remember:
Gowries Auguſt, *Perſyes* vniuſt,
fift Nouember.
Theſe thinges require, Bels and bonfires,
on this day:
Muſicke moſte ſweete, now were as meete,
to ſhew ioy.
Louely feaſting, without waſting,
once a yeare:
Almes deedes giuing, with good liuing,
let appeare.
And take heede ſtill, that the ſelfe will,
of this ſwarme:
Growe not deſperate, to exaſperate,
ſome new harme.
Now for our King, and Queene liuing,
let vs pray:
That Prince & Peeres, may Neſtors yeres,
tyme inioy.
Two young Babies, Princely Ladies,
of our King:
God that ſaued them, ſtill preſerue them,
in each thing.
All three Kingdomes, with their Earledomes,
and true Paſtors:
God ſtand for vs, and defend vs,
from all Traytors.

Finis.

A forme of true Repentance, fit for

Traytors to Sing and vſe now, and at all times *while life is in them: made in part by one* of Babingtons Conſpiracy. And may be ſung to the tune of the 25. Pſal.

MY prime of youthfull yeares,
is but a froſt of cares,
My croppe of Corne is turned now,
into a field of tares.
The day is fled and gone,
yet ſaw I not the Sunne,
I ſeeme to liue, yea liue I doe,
and yet my life is done.

The ſpring for me is paſt,
and yet it hath not ſprung:
My aged dayes are growing on,
and yet I am but young.
My thrid is cut in two:
and yet it is not ſpunne,
I ſeeme to liue, yea liue I doe,
and yet my life is done.

I ſought for mirth and ioy,
Yet found I nought but paine:
My tree is dead, though leaues be greene,
and loſſe is all my gaine.
My glaſſe was ſet but late,
and yet the ſame is runne:
I ſeeme to liue, yea liue I doe,
and yet my life is done.

If Sub-

If ſubiect I had bin,
and nought elſe could I be:
Then had I neuer heard or ſeene,
the ſorrowes now I ſee.
But I a kingdome ſought,
or elſe a State-mans roome:
Wherefore I am moſte iuſtly brought,
aliue vnto my Tombe.

All men be rul'd my be,
leane not to *Papiſtry*:
For ſure the ſame can not indure,
it workes ſuch treachery.
Ah woe to all that ſleepe,
or will be blinde at noone:
They ſeeme to liue, yea liue they doe,
and yet their life is done.

Lord Ieſus ſaue my ſoule,
thy mercy be my merrit:
Forgiue the ſinne that I am in,
that heau'n I may inherrit.
O let me not beleeue,
of purgatory doome:
For then I ſhall but ſeeme to liue,
when this my life is done.

The Commons euery one,
whome wee ment to deſtroy:
And with Gun-powder to blow vp,
in ſecret ſuddainely:

Your

Your Prayers we doe craue,
From Popes pardon we runne,
In which a man may ſeeme to liue,
when yet his life is done.

Thus you ſhall ſhow your ſelues,
true Chriſtian men indeede:
Though we haue prou'd our ſelues to be,
of *Cayne* and *Iudas* ſeede.
O Lord for Chriſt his ſake,
bring vs to thy kingdome:
Saue vs from hell, which wee deſerue,
when this ſhort life is done.

Our King, our Queene, and Prince,
the royall Progeny:
The counſell graue, Godlieſſe, & ſaue,
with the Nobilitie.
The clergy of this land,
confute all Ieſuites ſoone,
Who ſeeme to liue, and make vs liue,
when yet our liues are done.

FINIS.

A Song of praiſe and thankes-giuing to God, for the Kinges Maieſty Raigne, with ſuch commendations of his Highnes, *as he well deſerueth.*

God ſaue King Iames, and ſtill pull downe,
All thoſe that would annoy his Crowne.

The Ditty.

WIth cheereſull voice we ſing to thee,
O Lord accept our melodie:
For thou in mercy as we ſee,
Haſt delt with vs moſt louingly.
In giuing vs a Royall King:
whoſe fame in all the world doth ring.
God ſaue King Iames, &c.

In wiſdome like to *Salomon*,
his grace dooth ſit in Princely ſeate:
With ſword of Iuſtice in his hand,
and maintaines truth for ſmall and great.
He dooth ſucceede our *Heſter* ſhee:
who neuer will forgotten bee.
God ſaue King Iames, &c.

Like *Conſtantine* the Emperour,
he dooth begin his royall Raigne:
Whereat his foes are danted much,
and ſeekes to him for grace amaine.
Lord make their peace to bee in thee,
and then thrice happy ſhall we be.
God ſaue King Iames, &c.

The Goſpell pure he dooth maintaine,
among vs preached as before:
Blinde ignorance it ſhall not raigne,
as ſome did hope and threaten ſore.
Our Realme God hath eſtabliſhed,
and former feares from vs are fled.
God ſaue King Iames, &c.

Lift vp your hearts to God on hie,
and ſing with one conſent of minde:
Laude and prayſe to the *Trinity*,
for our good King that is ſo kinde,
Let vs reioyce in God alway:
that we haue ſeene this happie day.
God ſaue King Iames, &c.

All Countries ioyne with vs in Loue,
to beate downe *Turke* and *Pope* apace:
The King and Counſels acts approue,
let vertue now all vice deface.
Amidſt all ioyes prepare to dye,
that we may liue eternally.
God ſaue King Iames, *and ſtill pull downe,*
All thoſe that would annoy his Crowne.
Amen.

Another Song in Commendations of the Kings moſte excellent Maieſtie, to be ſung at any time, but chiefly *on his Coronation* day.

Let men and Angels witneſſe beare,
of our vnfained ioy:
That we expreſſe with heart and tongue,
for our good King this day.

The Ditty or Song.

GReat *Brittaine* pleaſant *Paradiſe*,
prayſe thou the Lord with me:
And thanke him for his benefits,
That he beſtowes on thee.
But chiefly for his holy word,
and for our Royall King:
The fame of whome in *Europe* wide,
all Chriſtians true will ſing.
Let men and Angels, &c.

In *Iuda* and in *Iſraell*,
were Kings of noble fame;
Who did ſet vp Religion,

and nouriſhed the ſame.
Dauid and *Salomon* his Sonne,
Ioſias and the reſt:
Like whome our King began his Raigne,
and ſhall like them be bleſt.
Let men and Angels, &c.

In *Egipt Saba* ruled well,
at *Troy, Caſſandra* ſat:
At *Athens*, did *Minerua* dwell,
Samoſe was *Iunos* ſtate.
Sibella lay in *Cuma* fayre,
in *Greece, Penelope:*
And in this Realme King *Iames* dooth Raigne,
more famous then all they.
Let men and Angels, &c.

The *Muſes* nine and *Worthies* all,
the *Artes* and *Graces* ſeauen:
All theſe doe now agree in one,
in him to make their heauen.
Yea heauen and earth, with all good things,
doe fauour him we ſee:
The Lord therefore continue him,
in *Brittaine* long to be.
Let men and Angels, &c.

In theſe his daies when he began,
To weare the Crowne and Raigne:
God by his hand eſtabliſht vs:
and made vs glad and faine.
In theſe his daies all feare, began

the intended Treaſon.

to flye and fall to ground:
And euery way our quiet ſtate,
began much to abound.
Let men and Angells, &c.

Wherefore as Iewes reioyced much,
when *Iubylies* drewe neere:
As *Moſes* with the *Iſraelites*,
keepe ſolemne Feaſts each yere,
As *Heſter* eke with *Mardochai*,
did daies of *Purim* holde:
So let great *Brittaine* keepe this day,
and graue the ſame in golde.
Let men and Angels, &c.

Pray for the King and his Oſſpring,
all ſignes of ioy expreſſe:
For in one day both griefe and ioy,
did wayte on vs doubtleſſe.
A Chriſtian *Conſtantine* we haue,
Lord giue him length of dayes,
To all his Kingdomes further bliſſe,
and Gods eternall prayſe.
Let men and Angels witneſſe beare,
of our vnfayned ioy:
That wee expreſſe with heart and tongue,
for our good King this day.
Amen.

An Anthem often Sung in the Royall Chappel of our late Queene Elizabeth, in any time of danger: Made in Anno. Dom. 1588.

And may ſerue at all times for vs.

DEliuer vs O Lord,
from all our foes that bee,
And eke defend all Chriſtian ſoules,
that put their truſt in thee.
Preſerue vs ſtill good Lord,
from all the wicked traine
From ſuch as long and thirſt for blood,
and dooth thy truth diſdaine.

Our enimies be ſtrong,
thou Lord the ſame dooſt know:
Without offence on our parts done,
to them, that ſeeke our woe.

Our

Our ſelues, our cauſe, and ail,
to thee we doe commend:
From traps, from ſnares, and bloody hands,
good Lord ſtill vs defend.

Our hope and helpe O Lord,
hath euer bin in thee:
And thou according to thy word,
dooſt ſtil deliuer me.
O Chriſt come end our ſtrife,
the cauſe is wholy thine:
Wherefore it ſhall while I haue life,
haue helpe of mee and mine.

F I N I S.

Some other Monu-

ments and Memorandums of Popery, (which together with the Precedent Meeters) may well be entituled as fol-*loweth:*

The Smoke of *Enborne* in *Barkeſhire*. *Anno*. 1 6 0 4.

The ſparkes of *Allenſ-more* in *Herefordſhire*. 1 6 0 5.

And the flames intended at the Parliament houſe. 1 6 0 5.

All which, brake out of the fierye Coales which burned, and was out as it were taked vp in the breaſtes, boſomes, and hearts of Papiſts: till they perceiued that the Kinges Maieſtye would not haue, allow of, nor tollerate a Muliſh, or Lincy-Wolſey Religion in *England*: & then their madnes did appeare, and this fire began to kindle. &c.

To the different, and indifferẽt Readers, I.R. wisheth grace and Peace.

PErceiuing that these leaues going before, would containe too small a volume: I thought it conuenient to make some supply, & remẽbring that I had the railing Libel that Papists scattered in Enborne *Church in* Barkshire, *together with a* preface *& some part of the answere to the same: As also the sum & effect of the* Commotion *of Papists in* Herefordshire: *thought it good to fix them to these Meeters. Iknowing the certainty of the one by the printed Book, put out therof in prose by M.* Thomas Harmon *&c. And of the other mentioned in part by good M.* Powel *in his Booke to the* Puritan Papist, *therfore I say, I haue beene the more willing to adde the same to the rest of my Booke, hoping of good acceptance for the same: seeing that I meane it for the instruction of the ignorant, and the recreation of others, and not otherwise.*

Yours in the Lord.

I. Rhodes.

The true Coppye of the rayling Libell,

left or caſt into the Church of *Enborne* in *Barkſhire*, as I receiued the ſame.

The ſuperſcription in Proſe.

To the Parſon of *Enborne*, giue this with ſpeede.

A poſt Script vnder the ſuperſcription.

THe Carryer is payd already, as much as hee looketh for, and ſo it ſhal coſt you nothing but the reading: & would you haue it better cheape?

The Tytle or Inſcription.

TO the Heretical Parſon of Enborne, *due commendation, Wiſhing him Catholique minde or elſe no ſaluation.*

The Lybell it ſelfe after his manner of ryming.

NOw Maiſter Parſon for your welcom home,
Reade theſe few lines you know not from whom

Of their Popiſh Croſſe.

HOuld Croſſe for an outward token & ſigne,
And remembrance onely, in Religion thine:
And of the profeſsion the People doe make,
For more thē this comes too, thou doſt it not take,
Yet holy Church tels vs, of holy *Croſſe* much more,

Of power and of vertue, to heale ſicke and ſore.
Of holyneſſe to bleſſe vs, and keepe vs from euill.
From foule feend to ſend vs, and ſaue vs from deuill,
& of many miracles, which *Holy-Croſſe* hath wrought
All which by tradition, to light, Church hath brought
Wherefore holy worſhip, holy-church doth it giue:
And ſure ſo will we, ſo long as we liue.
Though thou ſaiſt Idolatry, and vilde ſuperſtition,
Yet we know it is *Holy Churches* Tradition.
Holy-Croſſe then diſgrace not, but bring in renowne,
For vp ſhall the Croſſe goe, and you ſhall goe downe.
And now what we are, if any would know,
Catholiques we are, and ſo we will goe.
The Seruice Booke heere, ſcattered all,
Is not diuine, but Hereticall:
So is the Bible of falſe tranſlation,
To cut it and mangle it, is no damnation.
The Regiſter alſo, if ſo we doe ſerue,
We vſe it no otherwiſe then it doth deſerue:
For why ſhould new *Heretickes*, be therein inroulde,
Inrole good *Catholiques* long deade of ould,
Out with new *Heritickes*, hence let them goe,
Regiſter *Catholiques*, & Regiſter no moe.
For *Catholiques* onely, are worthy recorde,
And into Church Regiſter to be reſtorde.

Finis.

The Pre-

The Preface of the Anſwere to the Romiſh Rime and rayling Libell.

HOw now my Maiſters of the Popiſh crue? (new?
What yet more Rymes, to blaze your armes
We thought that you had left theſe tryfling toyes,
To be performed of Mad-men, Girls and Boyes,
And not that men of ſorte, or of ripe age,
Would thus like Players come vppon the Stage.
Members of holy Church, as you would bee,
Should hate ſuch ſports as thinges of baſe degree.
But Hogs and Dogs will wallow in the mire,
Eate their owne vomit, to fulfill deſire:
All carryon Crowes, and Kites will ſtoop to ground,
Yea ſtrike on Dunghils where their pray is found.
But Eagles, they will mount & ſoare on hie,
Feede on the beſt thinges, pleaſing taſte and eye:
You knowe the meaning, therefore be aſham'd,
In ſuch bad actions to be ſeene or namde.
Some of your friendes and fauorites I know,
Abhorre this courſe & would not haue it ſo.
When one like you did write of Popiſh Croſſe,
Another on your queſtions of like droſſe,
A Papiſt curſt: and ſaid now fye for ſhame,
Theſe firſt rude rimers, are moſt worthy blame,
And not the anſwerers prouok'd thereto,
By fooles on our ſide that ſuch thinges will doe.

Vnto lowe ebbe your Pop'ry ſure is come,
When vp and downe in Meeters it muſt runne:
Will proſe no longer ſerue your turnes indeede?
But that like Fidlers you muſt thus proceede?
Or muſt you wander now, like Pedlers poore?
To ſell your Romiſh wares from doore to doore?
What hath our learned men deſir'd you ſo,
That like to corner Creepers you muſt goe?
Are you become S. *Nicholas* Clarkes at laſt?
That walkes by Owle-light when the day is paſt?
If *Ballad* Mungers trade you muſt profeſſe:
Or like to Tinkers ſeeke for worke by gueſſe.
If like to merry Beggars you will ſing,
From houſe to houſe, then thinke vpon this thing.
The law for Vagrants will light on you,
And ſo ſome whipping cheere may well inſue.
If Romiſh Church doe hatch ſuch Birdes as theſe,
Who will beleeue that ſhe our Chriſt can pleaſe
Some three yeares ſince, your queſtions put in rime,
Were anſwered all, according to the time.
Since then we heard of no reply at all,
Nor yet of Popiſh Poets greate or ſmall:
But now of late one ſtole out of his denne,
And ſhamefully abuz'd both tongue and penne.
That is to ſay at *Enborne* in *Barkeſhire*,
They delt as if they would ſet all on fire,
The Church doore they brake open with ſtrong hãd
Which is plaine ſacriledge in euery land.
They cut one Booke, and did diſpraye the reſt,
Scattering the leaues, to ſhew how they deteſt:
Our bookes and vs, with all the power they haue,
Our Miniſters and all things they deprauc.

We

Wee seeke to bring them to the faith againe,
Which in Saint *Paules* time, did in them remaine:
But they abuse vs for our paines therein,
Accounting all we doe that way but sinne.
Wherefore we must lose time no longer so,
Nor suffer them that euer seekes our woe:
But euen deale roundly both with tongue and penne,
By force of law and what befits such men.
And sith *Rome* is the Seate of *Antichrist*: viz. in their
And euery day blaspheme the most highest, Masse,
Sith shee no longer is Christs spowse and wife,
But Harlot like, in Doctrine and in life.
Why should a Christian rest or stay on them?
But onely cleaue to Christ like Christian men.
The *Protestants* they say doe hurt them sore,
The *Puritanes* they thinke will plague them more:
If these agree, (as by Gods helpe they shall)
Then reason tels them Popery soone must fall.
But leauing these thinges to Authority,
Vnto the Popish rimers words come I.
Which shall haue answere as they doe deserue:
And from their owne words I meane not to swarue.
Foget I may not yet to tell thee plaine,
What lame leg'd Meeters, heere I finde amaine,
Which like the Author euery where dooth hault,
As *Vulcan* doth, but I will not finde fault.
Let this suffice for Preface to this Rime,
Which to the wise mans censure I resigne.

FINIS.

To

To the Reader.

HEere good Reader, I am driuen to leaue off for lack of time to finiſh the reſt, before the firſt execution of Traytors: but you ſhall haue the reſt with the ſecond part of this Booke, which ſhall ſhortly bee printed. In the meane time, I pray thee to haue patience for this ſtay, as alſo for any fault that eſcaped the Printing: And when my ſecond part of this booke comes foorth, thou ſhalt haue my anſwere to this Rayling Libell, & the matter of Herefordſhire. In the meane time I craue both thy prayers for me, and thy patience towards me, and the Printer, as is aboue ſaid: for we meane to make amends if God will.

Thine in the Lord Ieſus.

Iohn Rhodes Miniſter.

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